A LITANY from GENEVA, In Answer to that from St. OMERS.

A popish Litta. 9. Jane. 1682.

FRom the Tap in the Guts of the Honourable Stump, Ed. Shaftsbury.
From which runs Rebellion, that ſtinks like the Rump,
On purpoſe to leaven the Factious Lump,
Libera nos Domine.

From him that aſpires as high as the Crown, Duke of Monmouth.
And vows to pull Copes and Cathedrals down,
Fit only to govern the World in the Moon.
Libera nos.

Form the Prick-ear'd *Levite*, that can without pain Dr Oates.
Swear *Black* into *White*, then *Unſwear* it again;
Whoſe Name did deſign him a Villain in GRAIN,
Libera nos..

From his *Black-Bills*, and *Pilgrims* with Sticks in their hands,
That came to make a Religious Band,
Then Raviſh our Wives, and Inhabit our Land,
Libera nos.

From the Mouth of the City, that never gives o'r Sr Thomas
To complain of Oppreſſions unheard-of before, Player
And yet for his Letchery will not quit ſcore,
Libera nos.

From the *Cent per Cent* Scriv'ner, and all his State-tricks; Sr Rob Clayton
That cryer out of Intemp'rance, who yet will not ſtick
To clear a youg Spend-thrift's Eſtate at a lick,
Libera nos.

From the Force and the Fire of the Inſolent Rable,
That wou'd hurle the Government into a *Babel*,
And from the nice Fare of the Mouſe-ſtarver's Table, Slingsby Bethell.
Libera nos.

From the Elder in *New-ſtreet*, that Goggles and Cants,
Then turns up his *Whites*, to noſe it, and pant,
And at the ſame time plays *Devil* and *Saint*,
Libera nos.

From *Jenkin's Homilies* drawn through the Noſe,
From *Langley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all ſuch as thoſe,
And from Brawny *Settle's Poem* in *Proſe*,
Libera nos.

From a Surfeit occaſion'd by *Proteſtant Feaſts*,
From *Sedition* for Sawce, and *Republicks* for *Gueſts*,
With *Treaſon* for Grace-Cup, or *Faction* at leaſt,
Libera nos.

From the Conſcience of Cits, reſembling their *Dames*,
That in *Private* are Nice, but in *Publick* ſo Tame,
That they will not ſtick out for *a Touch of that Same*,
Libera nos.

From the blind *Zeal* of all *Democratical Tools*,
From *Whigland*,, and all its *Anarchical Rules*,
Deviſed by *Knaves*, and Impoſed on *Fools*,
Libera nos.

From the *Late Times Reviv'd*, when *Religion* was gain,
And *Church-Plate* was ſeiz'd for *Reliques Prophane*,
Since practic'd by Searching Sir *William* again, Walter
Libera nos.

From ſuch Reformation where Zealots begun,
To preach Heaven muſt by firm *Bulwarks* be won,
And *Te Deum* ſung from the mouth of a *Gun*,
Libera nos.

From *Parliamentarians*, that out of their Love
And Care for His Majeſty's Safety, wou'd prove
The ſecureſt way were His Guards to remove,
Libera nos.

From *Sawcy PETITIONS*, that ſerve to inflame us,
From all who for the ASSOCIATION are famous,
From the *Devil*, the *Doctor*, and the Damn'd IGNORAMUS.
Doctor.
Libera nos.

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